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WACKY RACELAND

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THE NEW DYNAMIC DUO SETS OUT TO SAVE GOTHAM BY DESTROYING THE BATMAN.

BATMAN

#1

WRITTEN BY
TOM KING

ART BY
DAVID FINCH

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PONTAC
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ARMAGEDDON BAR

HURRRRRP!

SUCKS THAT OUR BOSSES ARE IN THERE BOOZING IT UP AFTER WE'VE DONE ALL THE HEAVY LIFTING. BUT AS LONG AS I CAN STARE INTO YOUR HEADLIGHTS, I'M HAPPY, PUSSYCAT.

OH, CUT THE WHINING, "TERRIFIC." MAYBE YOU FEEL LIKE SOME KIND OF INDENTURED SERVANT, BUT PENELOPE AND ME ARE PARTNERS.

WE SHARE THE RISK, AND WE'RE GONNA ENJOY THE BENEFITS TOGETHER WHEN WE WIN THIS THING AND YOU LOSERS ARE STILL STUCK IN THIS MISERABLE WASTELAND.

HUK! A-HUKKK!

HEY!

SSSSSSS

TOK

SSSSSSS

FRAAAP

I'VE GOT TO PUT UP WITH A DRIVER WHO GETS ME TRASHED IN EVERY STINKING RACE AND A BIOMECHANICAL DOG WHO WIPES HIS WORMY TAILPIPE ON MY SEATS ON A DAILY BASIS.

I SURE AS HELL DON'T HAVE TO TAKE CRAP FROM A DAMN EIGHT-LEGGED LIZARD.

TECHNICALLY, THAT WAS URINE.

GUH-HURRP!

HEY!

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

I DON'T THINK THERE'S ENOUGH HOOCH IN THIS DUMP TO BLOT OUT THE HORROR OF WHAT I'VE SEEN TODAY.

BUT I'M GONNA GIVE IT MY BEST DAMN SHOT.

I'LL OBLIGE YOU AS LONG AS YOUR MONEY'S GOOD, REDNECK, BUT TELL YOUR BRAIN DAMAGED FRIEND AND THAT FREAK DOG WE DON'T SERVE ***MO***-RONS OR ANIMALS IN MY BAR.

HNFFF.

GRRRRRR...

I'M WITH YOU, BROTHER. WE OUGHT TO ROUND UP ALL THE MUTANTS AND ***MO***-RONS AND ROBO-MUTTS AND PUT THEM INTO SLAVE CAMPS LIKE I HEARD THEY GOT BACK EAST!

YOU DON'T WANNA SERVE MY PAL? TELL 'IM YERSELF, TINY.

DRRRRRR--

-RRRiiiNK!

IT'S ON THE HOUSE.

WELL PLAYED, LUKE. INTIMIDATION IS ALWAYS A GOOD OPTION, ESPECIALLY AGAINST THE FEEBLE-MINDED AND THE MORBIDLY OBESE. YOU HAVE TO SHOW THOSE BASTARDS WHO'S BOSS!

HEAR THAT, EVERYONE? I'M THE DAMN ***BOSS*** OF THIS DUMP, AND THE DRINKS ARE ON THE HOUSE!

MAKE MINE A DOUBLE.

HAVE FUN

YOU WANNA ***DOUBLE?***

THEY ***THREE*** OF ***US***, BABY.

WHERE IT COUNTS! ***UH! UH! UH!***

GIRLS JUST WANNA

NEED A HAND, MISS P?

OR A BUNCH OF HANDS?

WE'LL BE HAPPY TO DISASSEMBLE THIS JACKASS FOR YOU.

THAT'S SWEET, GUYS, BUT I'VE GOT THIS.

SO, YOU THINK YOU A LEGIT BADASS, LITTLE MEAT?

GIRLS JUST WANNA HAVE FUN

DEF LEGIT, BIG MORON. AND I'M OVERJOYED AT THE OPPORTUNITY TO LET OFF SOME STEAM. ONLY PROBLEM WITH CONJOINED FREAKS IS WHICH SPLEEN TO RUPTURE FIRST.

KASSSH!

BAR FIGHT!

DAMN IT, MUTTLEY. LET'S TRY TO FINISH THIS QUICKLY. I REALLY WANTED TO TAKE A BREAK AND ATTEMPT TO FORGET TODAY'S DISAPPOINTMENT OF A RACE.

THE ÜBERPASS.
EARLIER.

HURRY! THE FIRST RACER TO CROSS THE ÜBERPASS AND REACH THE FINISH LINE WILL FIND THEMSELVES ONE STEP CLOSER TO THE WINNER'S CIRCLE! EVERYBODY ELSE IS ONE STEP CLOSER TO DEATH!

#3
PROFESSOR PAT PENDING
CONVERT-A-CAR

#4
RED BARON
CRIMSON HAYBALER

#10
RUFUS RUFFCUT AND SAWTOOTH
BUZZWAGON

#6
SERGEANT BLAST AND PRIVATE MEEKLY
ARMY SURPLUS SPECIAL

#1
THE SLAG BROTHERS
BOULDER MOBILE

#8
LAZY LUKE AND BLUBBER BEAR
ARKANSAS CHUGGABUG

#7
THE ANT HILL MOB
BULLETPROOF BOMB

YOU HEARD THE ANNOUNCER, BROTHERS! PUNCH IT!

PUNCH IT!

PUNCH IT!

#2
THE GRUESOME TWOSOME
CREEPY COUPE

TAKE A LOOK AROUND, "PERFECT." IT'S PRETTY DAMN OBVIOUS THE WORLD RAN OUT OF LUCK A WHILE AGO. THINKING ANY DIFFERENT IS A SUCKER'S GAME. THAT'S WHY ME AND MY RIDE ARE GONNA BEAT ALL YOUR ASSES AND LEAVE YOU TO ROT HERE.

HELL, YES. I KNEW WE WERE GONNA WIN FROM THE FIRST MOMENT I WOKE UP...

#9
PETER PERFECT
TURBO TERRIFIC

#5
PENELOPE PITSTOP
COMPACT PUSSYCAT

GOOD LUCK, PENELOPE!

STAY FOCUSED, MUTTLEY! ANY ASSHAT GETS IN OUR WAY AND WE ROLL OVER THEM. WE'RE NOT GETTING TO UTOPIA IF WE KEEP LOSING TO THESE FOOLS.

#00
DICK DASTARDLY AND MUTTLEY
MEAN MACHINE

EARTH LIES IN RUINS. THE UNSEEN AND OMNIPOTENT ANNOUNCER HAS PROMISED THAT THE VICTOR OF A SERIES OF RACES WILL BE ALLOWED INTO THE WINNER'S CIRCLE OF UTOPIA, A LEGENDARY PARADISE THAT IS THE LAST BASTION OF HUMANITY ON THE SCORCHED PLANET. THE WACKY RACERS AND THEIR SENTIENT VEHICLES COMPETE FOR SURVIVAL AS THEY SPEED THROUGH AN APOCALYPTIC DESERT FILLED WITH RADIOACTIVE LAKES, NANOTECH DUST STORMS, AND CANNIBALISTIC MUTANTS. THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE WINNER, AND ANYBODY IN SECOND PLACE WILL BE LEFT TO DIE IN THE

WACKY RACELAND

STORY: KEN PONTAC | ART: LEONARDO MANCO
COLORS: MARIANA SANZONE | LETTERS: SAL CIPRIANO
MAIN COVER: LEONARDO MANCO
VARIANT COVERS: DAVE JOHNSON, TOMMY LEE EDWARDS, AND IVAN REIS WITH MARCELO MAIOLO
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INITIAL CONCEPTS BY MARK SEXTON | DESIGNS BY LEONARDO MANCO

ISLAND OF AEGINA.
FINAL MOMENTS BEFORE THE FLOOD.

DAMN! THIS IS IT! I'M RUNNING OUT OF ISLAND! MAMA, I'LL SEE YOU AND ALEXANDRA SOON!

AGGGH--

WAKE UP.

I AM AWAKE.

NOT YOU. YOUR CAR.

WHAT? WHERE AM I? WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY CAR? AND MY CLOTHES? AND WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

IF YOU HAVE TO CALL ME SOMETHING, YOU CAN CALL ME "THE ANNOUNCER."

NOW, WAKE UP, PUSSYCAT.

HI, BOSS. THIS IS REALLY WEIRD. I KNOW THAT A SECOND AGO I WASN'T ALIVE, BUT IT'S LIKE I CAN REMEMBER BEING YOUR CAR ***BEFORE*** I WOKE UP JUST NOW. I REMEMBER RACING THE WAVE, LOOKING FOR YOUR SISTER--SORRY SHE'S DEAD--EVERYTHING. HOW IS THAT EVEN POSSIBLE?

HOW IS *ANY* OF THIS POSSIBLE?

I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU BOTH FOR A WHILE, PENELOPE, AND THE A.I. I'VE INFUSED INTO YOUR CAR HAS PROGRAMMED MEMORIES OF YOUR PAST TOGETHER. YOU TWO HAVE DONE PRETTY WELL SURVIVING THE END OF THE WORLD SO FAR, BUT I WANT TO OFFER YOU A CHANCE AT SOMETHING MUCH BETTER THAN JUST SURVIVING.

I'M LISTENING...

YOU'VE HEARD TALK OF A PLACE CALLED UTOPIA? WHISPERED STORIES OF A HAVEN AWAY FROM THIS HELL?

YEAH, I'VE HEARD WHAT THEY SAY. THE LAST PLACE ON EARTH THAT HASN'T BEEN SCREWED OVER BY FLOODS AND STORMS AND MUTANT VIRUSES AND EVERY OTHER MESSED-UP PLAGUE GOD'S THROWN AT US.

IT WASN'T GOD THAT DID THE THROWING, BUT YES. UTOPIA IS REAL, AND THERE'S A PLACE FOR YOU THERE...IF YOU CAN WIN A SERIES OF POTENTIALLY DEADLY RACES AGAINST A GROUP OF SKILLED COMPETITORS WHO I'VE CHOSEN, AS I'VE CHOSEN YOU.

GO TO HELL! YOU'RE *CRAZY* IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO PLAY IN WHATEVER SICK GAME YOU'RE PUTTING TOGETHER.

OR, I CAN SEND YOU BACK TO YOUR ISLAND IF YOU'D LIKE. UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S UNDERWATER, BUT I'M SURE A CLEVER GIRL LIKE YOU COULD FIGURE SOMETHING OUT.

I'LL RACE IN YOUR DAMN CONTEST.

LIKE I SAID, A CLEVER GIRL. AND YOU'RE GOING TO NEED ALL YOUR WITS TO WIN, BECAUSE I'VE ENLISTED SOME REAL **BASTARDS** TO RACE AGAINST YOU...

STEP UP THE PACE, MUTTLEY. THAT RACKET'S SURE TO ATTRACT A CLUTCH OF SANDTIPEDES.

THE ÜBERPASS.

WHICH IS THE POINT, BUT WE DON'T WANT TO BE ANYWHERE NEAR THIS PLACE WHEN THEY ARRIVE.

CRATCH CRATCH

HRRRRRR...

THOSE MONSTERS ARE ALWAYS HUNGRY, AND I'VE BEEN TOLD BY MORE THAN ONE APPRECIATIVE FEMALE THAT I'M DELICIOUS.

HA! HA! HA! HA!

PENELOPE! LOOK OUT!

I DON'T NEED YOUR--

CRR-HCK

--HELLLLP!

=UNNH= DAMN. YOU OKAY, PUSSYCAT?

I'VE BEEN BETTER. MIGHT HAVE A BUSTED AXEL.

POOR BABY. WE'LL FIX YOU UP.

GIMME A RAD READING.

SAND'S PRETTY ***HOT***, BOSS. AND RADAR'S PICKING UP ***SANDTIPEDE*** ACTIVITY.

YEAH. I KIND OF GOT THAT.

RRRAH!

AAAAA!

ARMAGEDDON BAR.
NOW.

SCREAM ALL YOU WANT. IT JUST MAKES THEM HUNGRIER. MAKES *ME* HUNGRIER, TOO!

YOU'VE GOT A RUNNER!

GONNA CARVE YOUR HEART OUT AND MAKE YOU EAT IT, ASSHAT. RIGHT AFTER I FEED YOU ***HIS***.

I SEE HIM!

YES, THAT'S YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM SHORT-CIRCUITING. I WON'T BE OFFENDED IF YOU MESS YOUR PANTS. ACTUALLY, I'LL BE DISAPPOINTED IF YOU ***DON'T***.

GOT ONE COMING YOUR WAY, SAWTOOTH!

RRRAH!

NICE TO HAVE SOMETHING I CAN CUT, UNLIKE THOSE DAMN ***BATTLEJACKETS!*** GOD, I HATE BUGS!

RACERS, I'M SENDING YOU A SWARM OF **AFRICANIZED BATTLEJACKETS**. YOUR SURVIVAL PROBABILITY JUST DECREASED BY 27%. LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT, GUYS.

LEVEL : MEDIUM

COMPETITORS :
STATE OF EMOTIONAL AGGRESS

LEVEL : HIGH

LIKE THIS CRAP'S NOT HARD ENOUGH! I'M SORRY I EVER SIGNED ON TO THIS, YOU SADISTIC ***WITCH!***

THE ANNOUNCER ISN'T A WITCH. SHE'S AN ***ARYAN GODDESS***, CHANNELING THE *FÜHRER* AND TESTING US TO CREATE A NEW MASTER RACE.

THAT'S ONE THEORY. I'VE HEARD PLENTY.

THE ÜBERPASS. EARLIER.

YOU'RE AN INSANE BIGOT, RED. IT'S GONNA BE A PLEASURE TO LEAVE YOU IN MY DUST WHEN I GO TO UTOPIA.

THIS WORLD NEEDS A NEW ***REICH*** TO CLEANSE THE FILTH AND THE MISFITS FROM IT, AND YOU'LL BE ONE OF THE FIRST TO GO, YOU GODLESS ABOMINATION.

WHY A PERFECTLY GOOD MAN WOULD CUT OFF HIS JUNK IS BEYOND MY UNDERSTANDING.

I ***WASN'T*** A PERFECTLY GOOD MAN. THAT'S THE POINT. I AM, HOWEVER, A DAMN FABULOUS WOMAN. AND I'M GONNA DRIVE YOUR WORTHLESS BUTT INTO THE GROUND, JUNK OR NO JUNK!

HOW CAN YOU GUYS TALK POLITICS WHEN THESE DAMN BUGS ARE TRYING TO STING US TO DEATH?

BLAM

BECAUSE WE'RE NOT WEAKLINGS!

SPEAKING OF WEAKLINGS, WHERE'S PETER?

WHO GIVES A DAMN ABOUT PETER?

BE READY TO YANK ME UP IF I SCREAM.

YOU ALWAYS SCREAM.

AAAAH!

RRRAH!

ALWAYS

I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE LOOKED FIRST!

YOU'RE SUCH AN IDIOT.

RRRAH!

AAAAH!

I ALREADY REGRET SAVING YOU.

AAAAH!

RRRAH!

THAT WAS MY LAST GRENADE.

AAAAH!

AAAAH!

OH, SHUT UP.

BOOM

BOTH OF YOU.

NICE SAVE. TOO BAD THOSE BIG BASTARDS ARE ATTRACTED TO SOUND. YOU JUST RANG THE *DINNER BELL,* BOSS.

ALSO, YUCK.

SPLAT

THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA...

NO DRINK FOR ME? YOU MEAT FOR MUTTLEY!

I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY!

CHOMP

ARMAGEDDON BAR. NOW.

THOSE BITES LOOK PRETTY DEEP, AND I KNOW THAT ANIMAL'S MOUTH IS ***FILTHY***. YOU'RE GOING TO NEED A SHOT OR YOU'LL GET A NASTY INFECTION.

JAB

AARRRGH!

GOOD TO SEE ***SOMEBODY*** GETTING WHAT THEY DESERVE. UNLIKE US, HUH, MUTTLEY? WE WERE SO DAMN CLOSE...

HRRRRR...

THE ÜBERPASS. EARLIER.

THIS IS IT, MUTTLEY. FINISH LINE. SO CLOSE I CAN TASTE IT.

RRRRRRR...

BLAM

VIP VIP VIP

WHO THE HELL'S SHOOTING AT US?

DAMN!

NO WAY THAT BASTARD'S GONNA STEAL THIS RACE! I'D RATHER ROLL OVER HIS CORPSE AND TAKE MY CHANCES WITH YOU!

I AM SO DOWN WITH THAT, DARLING. LET'S AGREE TO KILL EACH OTHER LATER. RIGHT NOW, PRIORITY ONE IS KEEPING DASTARDLY AND HIS DOG AWAY FROM THAT FINISH LINE.

SPIKE 'EM, MUTTLEY!

DISTANCE

TIME 30 : 07

EXECUTE

EJECTION OF

EXPLOSIVE MINES

DAMN IT!

SEE YOU AT THE FINISH LINE, YOU FREAKS! *HA HA HA!*

HA HA... HUH?

AAAAH! FOR GOD'S SAKE, PENELOPE!

THIS IS SO METAL!

RRRAH!

OH, HELL.

HEEENNN...

PENELOPE PITSTOP WINS THE RACE! ONE MATCH CLOSER TO UTOPIA!

HA! HA! I ROCK!

KRAK

A LITTLE LATER...

MAN, I AM SO STINKING SICK OF LOSING. I WAS BUILT FOR BETTER THINGS THAN HAULING YOU TWO MEAT SACKS AROUND. I'M ACTUALLY BEGINNING TO THINK YOU'RE BOTH BRAIN-DEAD OR SOMETHING.

HA! YOU'D LAST ABOUT ONE MINUTE IN THAT WASTELAND WITHOUT ME, DUMBASS!

YOUR GRIPING IS THE LAST THING I NEED RIGHT NOW, JUNK HEAP. SHUT YOUR GRILL BEFORE I SWITCH OFF YOUR A.I. AND PUT IT INTO MANUAL DRIVE.

TECHNICALLY, THE ***SANDTIPEDE*** WON THE RACE. YOU JUST PIGGYBACKED TO THE FINISH. IF I DID THAT, EVERYBODY WOULD SAY I WAS CHEATING. WHY IS THAT SOMEHOW FAIR?

BECAUSE YOU'RE A BASTARD!

OW! I HATE YOUR STUPID GOGGLES.

LOOKS LIKE THERE'S A BAR DOWN THE ROAD. I NEED TO KILL SOME BRAIN CELLS OR I'M GONNA WAKE UP SCREAMING FROM SANDTIPEDE NIGHTMARES.

AND THAT'S WHY I DRINK! RACE YOU GUYS! LOSER BUYS THE HOOCH!

YOU WAKE UP SCREAMING ***ANYWAY,*** LUKE.

WE'D GET THERE FASTER IF YOU HADN'T SIPHONED HALF MY FUEL INTO YOUR JUG, YOU RUMMY!

WE VERY SORRY!

WE WILL NEVER DISRESPECT NO WOMAN AGAIN!

FINALLY! I CAN FINISH MY JUG IN PEACE!

I'VE DONE THE MATH AND BELIEVE THAT ACCOUNTS FOR EVERY ASSHAT IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT.

ARMAGEDDON BAR. NOW.

NOT SO FAST, LAZY LUKE. WE'RE ABOUT TO START ANOTHER RACE.

YOU GOT *LUCKY* LAST TIME. PREPARE TO HAVE YOUR SHAPELY BUTT SOUNDLY BEATEN.

DICK! WHAT THE HELL!?

SMACK

BASTARD!

OW!

YOU'RE A COMPLETE TURD. I'D BEAT YOU TO DEATH IF IT WASN'T SO MUCH FUN BEATING YOU ON THE TRACK.

HRRRR...

WELL, THANK GOD FOR SMALL FAVORS.

NEXT ISSUE:
A NIGHT AT THE OPERA!

BEFORE THERE WAS THE RACE, THERE WERE THE RACERS; FIGHTING, STARVING, KILLING, DESPAIRING. THE POST-APOCALYPTIC WORLD IS A DARWINIAN CRUCIBLE WHERE WARRIORS ARE EITHER FORGED OR CONSUMED. I WAIT PATIENTLY FOR EACH INDIVIDUAL'S LOWEST MOMENT, AND THEN APPROACH THEM WITH OFFERS OF UTOPIA IN EXCHANGE FOR THE RACE. I AM THE ANNOUNCER, AND THIS IS MY FUNCTION.

SNAP

LAZY LUKE & BLUBBER BEAR in

AND SOMETIMES THE BEAR EATS YOU

STORY: KEN PONTAC ART: LEONARDO MANCO
COLORS: MARIANA SANZONE LETTERS: SAL CIPRIANO
ASSISTANT EDITOR: BRITTANY HOLZHERR EDITOR: MARIE JAVINS

I THINK THAT'S THE LAST ONE.

I HOPE SO! GOD! I NEED A DRINK!

DAMMIT! THAT'S THE LAST OF MY HOOCH!

THIS IS GONNA BE A PROBLEM.

YOUR ***DRINKING*** IS YOUR PROBLEM. WHAT I'M WORRIED ABOUT IS WHAT WE'RE GOING TO ***EAT*** IN THIS FROZEN HELL.

TOO BAD WE'RE NOT CANNIBALS LIKE THOSE BASTARDS WHO JUMPED US, OR WE COULD EAT ***THEM.***

I CAN SEE WHY THEY'D WANT TO CHOW DOWN ON YOU. YOUR FAT BACKSIDE COULD FEED A FAMILY OF PEOPLE-EATERS FOR A MONTH, ***BLUBBER BUTT.***

KAAASH

I HATE IT WHEN YOU CALL ME THAT. YOU'RE NASTY WHEN YOU DRINK.

I'M NASTIER WHEN I DON'T. AS YOU'LL SEE WHEN I START GETTING THE DTS.

I'VE ALREADY SEEN THAT MORE TIMES THAN I'D LIKE. AND I FEEL KIND OF RESPONSIBLE SINCE I SORT OF GAVE YOU YOUR FIRST DRINK.

"SORT OF"?

MAN! THAT WAS THE BIGGEST QUAKE YET! THEY SAY IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD!

RUUUMMMMMM

AAAAH!

LUKE!

CRAKK

LOOK OUT!

UMF!

OH, MAN! THAT ALMOST NAILED ME. THANKS!

ARE WE GONNA *DIE*, BLUBBER BUTT?

IF WE ARE, WE MIGHT AS WELL DIE HAPPY. AND DON'T CALL ME BLUBBER BUTT, ASSHAT.

DUDE! WHAT THE HELL?!

HA HA HA HA HA!

KA-KAASH

HA HA HA! MAKE WAY FOR THE *ARKANSAS CHUGGABUG!*

HA HA HA! CHUGGA, *CHUGGA, CHUG!*

I LOVE YOU, MAN!

IF THIS IS THE LAST DAY OF MY LIFE, THEN I CAN TOTALLY LIVE WITH THAT.

YOU REALIZE THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE, RIGHT? IT'S, LIKE, TOTALLY CIRCULAR REASONING.

I MIGHT BE A LITTLE TIPSY...

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'VE NEVER BEEN WASTED BEFORE. YOU'RE SUCH A TOTAL *WUSS-BAG*, MAN.

Y'KNOW, I COULD REALLY GET TO LIKE THIS STUFF...

HUUUK

OH, GOD! I'M IN HELL! JUST KILL ME, MAN! DO IT! PUT A BULLET IN MY BRAIN AND END THIS!

SORRY, BUDDY. CAN'T WASTE THE AMMO.

JUST TRY TO CHILL AND RIDE THIS THROUGH, WUSS-BAG.

RIDE THIS THROUGH? RIDE THIS THROUGH? THE HELL WITH THAT! I NEED A DRINK, MAN! I NEED A DRINNNK!

AHHHH! OH MAN. OH MAN. DO YOU SEE THOSE BATS?

I KNOW, BUDDY. I KNOW. RELAX. RELAX. FIRST WE GET YOU THOUGH THIS. THEN WE GET YOU A DRINK.

THERE ARE NO BATS, BUDDY.

AND WHAT'S UP WITH THOSE FREAKIN' SPIDERS, DUDE?

I DON'T SEE ANY SPIDERS.

HOLY HELL! LOOK OUT FOR THAT GIANT BEAR, MAN!

LUKE, THERE IS NO DAMN--

RRRRR!

GOD!

AAAA!

SLASH

RRRRR!

RRRR!

UNF!

HNNN!

UNF.

OH GOD! OH GOD!

AAAA!

SH-HHHK!

RAAAA!

THUD

HRRRRRR... SNF! SNF!

HRRRRRR...

RHAAAA!

AAAA!

RHAAAA...

DIE!

DAMN IT! DIE!

THUD

UMFFF*

HFFF. HFFF. HFFF.

GUESS IT'S MY TURN TO TAKE CARE OF *YOU* NOW, HUH, BLUBBER BEAR?

BLUBBER BEAR!

SSSSS

WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND. AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT STARVING NO MORE. WE GOT ALL THE BEAR WE CAN EAT.

ONLY THING MISSING NOW IS--

DRINNNNNNNNK!

I CAN TAKE YOU TO A PLACE THAT'S SWIMMING IN LIQUOR, AND FIX YOUR BRAIN-DAMAGED FRIEND IN THE BARGAIN. I'M PUTTING TOGETHER A LITTLE RACE...

THE HELL...?

FIRST OFF, LET ME FIX UP THAT CAR OF YOURS.

END

CAN THE MAN OF STEEL RAISE A SUPER-SON AND SAVE THE WORLD AT THE SAME TIME?

SUPERMAN #1

THE NEXT EPIC STARTS HERE!

WRITTEN BY
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ART BY
PATRICK GLEASON

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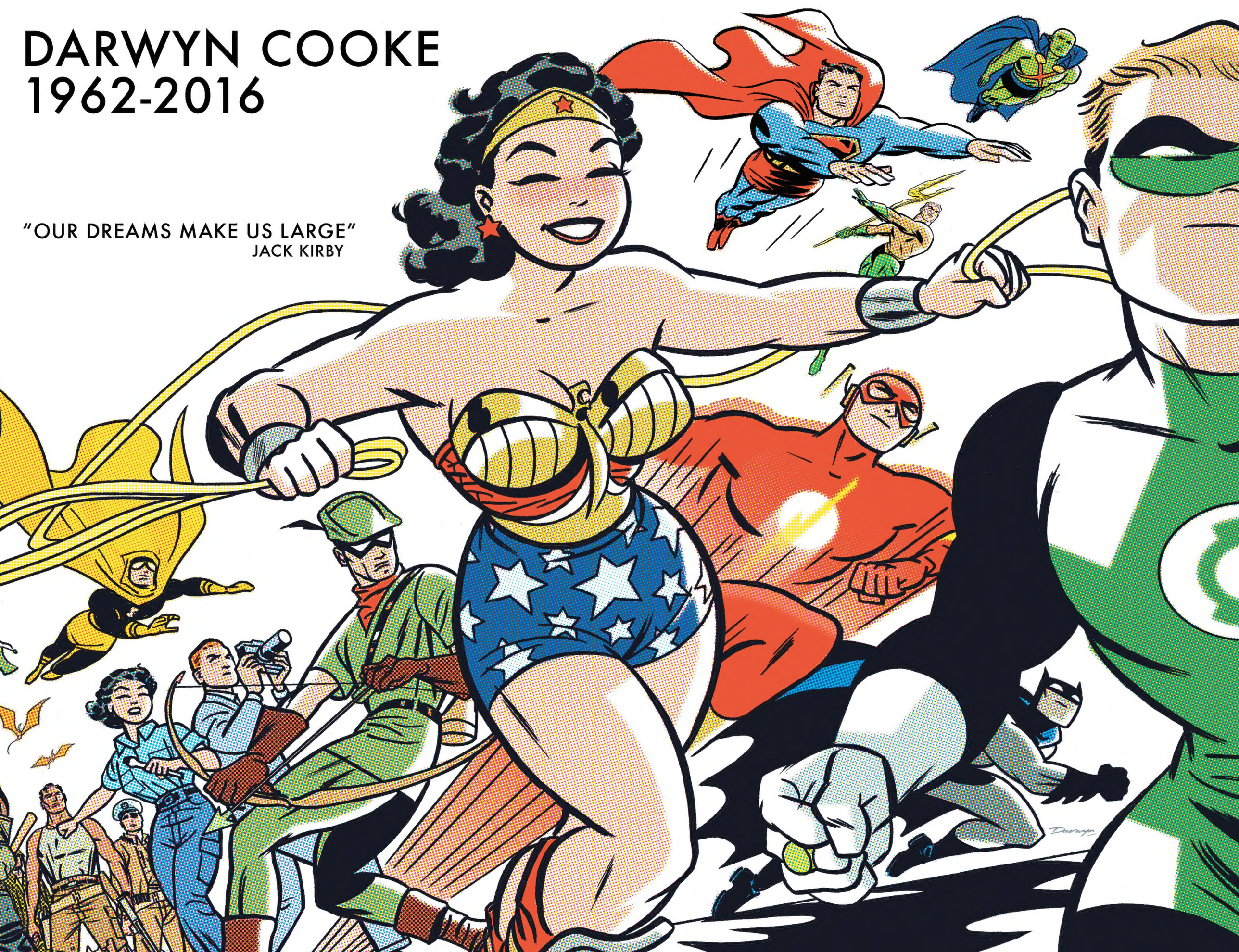
TWICE MONTHLY BEGINNING JUNE

DC UNIVERSE REBIRTH

DARWYN COOKE
1962-2016

"OUR DREAMS MAKE US LARGE"
JACK KIRBY



DC UNIVERSE REBIRTH

SPOTLIGHT ON THE FLASH

Hot on the heels of his role in the DC UNIVERSE: REBIRTH #1 special, the Flash finds himself needing all of the help he can get.

And he gets it in spades.

In the opening chapters of "Lightning Strikes Twice," Central City finds itself under attack by mysterious new foes and suddenly random city residents get struck by lightning, granting them super-speed.

But one of them is a serial killer that only murders speedsters! Suddenly, the Fastest Man Alive finds himself running behind.

A new chapter races forward from the series' new team of writer Joshua Williamson and artist Carmine Di Giandomenico that explores not just what makes Flash a unique hero, but also challenges his alter-ego: police scientist Barry Allen!

"2016 is the 60th anniversary of Barry Allen becoming the Flash, and it's a privilege to be a part of it," says Williamson.

Get up to speed with THE FLASH: REBIRTH #1 and THE FLASH #1 in June, written by Joshua Williamson with art by Carmine Di Giandomenico!

DC ALL ACCESS

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WACKY RACELAND 1. August, 2016. Published monthly by DC Comics, 2900 W. Alameda Avenue, Burbank, CA 91505. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to WACKY RACELAND, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 8537, Big Sandy, TX 75755-8538. Annual subscription rate (12 issues) $28.99. Canadian subscribers must add $12.00 for postage and GST. GST # is R125921072. All foreign countries must add $12.00 for postage. U.S. funds only. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. DC Comics does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories or artwork. For Advertising and Custom Publishing contact dccomicsadvertising@dccomics.com. For details on DC Comics Ratings, visit dccomics.com/go/ratings.

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SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"